

# Good Morning 440

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Three Bonny Smiles for P.O. William Bruce

WHEN we got off the bus at Glammanan Square in Falkirk, Petty Officer William Bruce, we asked a young lady the way to Brownrigg-road. She said she was going there and would show us the way.

When we got to Number Nine, she said she was going in. We asked if Mrs. Bruce lived there and she said yes. So we said we were going in too. And that is how we made contact with your family.

Your father is still on the railway, and he's pretty fit, your mother says. Brother Jimmie was just back from Ayr; he had a grand holiday at Ayr. It is his particular request, by the way, that we tell you he has gained another two stone in weight.

At the Lanarkshire Road Cycling Club he frequently meets your old friends. They are looking forward to some more runs with you, and send best wishes.

Did you know that your old pal Bob Grey was marrying a Stirling girl? James thinks you might know the girl, but he can't remember her name.

His memory is not so good, is it? The barmaid at the Argyle Hotel often asks after you, but, once again, he can't remember the girl's name.

All the family is well, and here are a bunch of news briefs from them:

Mary is on munitions and her boy friend is in the Middle East.

Betty is also doing war work. During her holiday in Edinburgh she met Uncle Robert; he sent best wishes to you. Seems she had a good time there, dancing, swimming and going to the films most of the time.

Effie is still at home and helping keep house, and trying to

WE all have a home-town. It may be city, town or hamlet, but to everyone there is one place above all others that has memories, loves, regrets, sorrows and laughs. I am getting round to some places that are home-towns. Come with me to your home-town and mine, and we'll try to find the answer to the paradox of all towns being identical but different.

Because it is my home-town, and because it happens to be the capital, let's start with London. Where we go next is up to you—write to let me know where you would like me to call.

I WAS born in London, and I think of it when I am away.

I remember the noise and hustle, and the Zoo. Did you ever feed the monkeys and give the elephants the buns your mother packed for your lunch? Did you ever collect the feathers from the aviary floor or tap the glass front of the ant eater's cage to make him mad?

Perhaps you know the other part of Regent's Park—the cool walks along the waterside, the boats for hire, and the hump-back bridges where multi-coloured birds show off their plumes.

You must have been to the other parks, too—Hyde Park, St. James's, and Kensington Gardens. Remember the red-coated Guardsmen, the Easter bonnets and pretty girls, the flocks of cyclists and military bands?

But perhaps you didn't know these beauty spots—maybe your street was the other side of the town, down Lambeth or Battersea way. Can you remember before that great, gaunt power station was there—before the

get the meals ready in time for the family when they arrive.

Alec is working hard, and his health is much better now. Ian is going to Loch Lomond for his holiday soon, and has been talking about it for quite a while.

Neil recently performed on his accordion at the school concert, and is still living in his glory.

Rhoda is very well and shows promise of being a very bright girl.

Lastly, your grandfather and grandmother are both well, and send best wishes to you.

Your radio, clocks and pictures still occupy the most prominent positions in the house, and Jimmie says he is now able to tune into America. Your bike, of course is being well cared for, and will be ready for your return.

All the best, Bill!  
—and love from us three

# Ron Richards visits your Home Town L O N D O N

God gives all men all earth to love;  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each, one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.

R. Kipling.



Brown's and the "Lord Nelson."

They tolerate Westerners who peek at them and condescendingly offer them half-pints in exchange for yarns that are obviously untrue. Sometimes these people go West, but usually waste no time in getting back down the Commercial Road.

How many thousand bargains are seen every Sunday morning at Petticoat Lane?

Did you ever buy a jacket that at the stall was as tailor-made, only to find at home that it was big enough amply to clothe the old man, too? Clothes without coupons is the current racket down the lane, though on the whole it is unchanged.

Hackney Marshes still sees hundreds of furtive couples looking for hidden spots every evening, and the Sunday morning soccer still goes on.

Bethnal Green, with its streets named after Communists, like its neighbours, Stepney and Shoreditch, is still the battlefield of workers at rush hours, and still the Reds hold their street corner meetings. Big difference

about them, though, is that the Mosley thugs are conspicuous only by their absence.

Take your mind back to those savage sabbaths for a moment; the torches and red shirts versus the knuckle-dusters and black shirts. The window-smashing and Jew-baiting. Were those the days?

The street-corner loafer of King's Cross and Islington has gone. It's almost safe to park a car there now. Paddington and Marble Arch still have their Irish and a sprinkling of English.

Hampstead, Kensington and Notting Hill Gate and Chalk Farm are more German than English, because four flats in five are occupied by the descendants of Messrs. Landsberg and Sculchstein, who crossed the water when Hitler first expanded.

Waterloo, Euston, Charing Cross, Victoria and Paddington. These unclean and cold termini haven't changed, except that it's even harder in the black-out to find your platform. The tea is no better and harder to get in the buffets, and porters get big-

ger tips. They are still just cold, unfriendly railway stations.

The Tubes still pack 'em in twice daily, and the buses are a woman-controlled. The theatres are prosperous and the pubs invariably full.

Cab-drivers are making a lot of money and getting more and more unpleasant. The police are, as ever, helpful to the point of boredom, and the roads need repairing. But it's still recognisably London. The bombs have been dropped on her and she burned and shook. The men are away, and foreign troops have taken up the grooves in the local pub bars, but that will all be put right.

Oh, yes, the London we loved will be that way again—or it won't be London.

## J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—but true

The panda is a Himalayan bear.

The first cigarette was rolled by a Turkish artilleryman at the Siege of Acre in 1799, during Napoleon's Egyptian Campaign. When a shot smashed the gunner's pipe he rolled some tobacco in a piece of thin paper used for igniting the touch-hole of his gun—and the idea caught on.

The only seven-master ever built was the ship "Thomas W. Lawson."

Optimism, the theory that everything happens for the best, has been propounded by philosophers from Plato to Rousseau. Pessimism, taught by Schopenhauer, says that this is the worst of all possible worlds, that it is better to sleep than to wake, better to die than to sleep. In popular parlance, "The optimist says this is the best of worlds, and the pessimist fears that he is right."

Gyromancy, divination by walking in circles, was one of the ancient superstitions. The person for whose benefit the art was invoked walked round and round in a circle (about which signs had previously been placed) until he fell from giddiness. From the manner of his fall in relation to the signs, the interpretation was formulated.

Many of Beethoven's finest works were composed after he had lost his hearing.

## —And love from us Three, E.R.A. E. DUDLEY

ELEVEN letters from you join a band after the war. We arrived last week, E.R.A. didn't say a word!

Eric Dudley, so there is great joy at 26, Old Perth-road, Cowdenbeath. From that address there is little to exchange for all the news you send.

The family are all quite well and happy, and your wife is feeling fine after her holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, or Sue and Alec, as you call them are always asking after you, and send very best wishes for a speedy return home.

Letters arrive regularly from Erith, and it seems that everyone there is fit and well.

The news that you have joined a band went down well. They would like to hear your cornet again, even if it was at dawn. Your wife said you are a gun-polisher now, but might

Your wife had the last word by saying that she would love the place to be untidy again if you could be home. She added her love, and said write soon. Good Hunting!

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1





# MOON AND SONS

THE two men had run one mile with extreme rapidity, when another shot was heard; it hit a big fellow who was hoisting himself up by the anchor cord.

A lifeless body fell from branch to branch, and remained suspended at twenty feet from the soil, its two legs and two arms balancing in the air.

"Why!" said Joe, stopping. "How does that animal hold on? Oh, Mr. Kennedy!" he cried, bursting into a roar of laughter, "it's holding on by its tail! It's a land of monkeys! Nothing but monkeys!"

"It is better they should be monkeys than men," replied Kennedy, as he precipitated himself in the midst of the howling band.

The animals were terrible to see with their dogs' snouts. A few pistol shots soon scattered them, and they rushed off, leaving a few of their number dead on the ground.

Kennedy rapidly mounted the ladder; Joe got up into the sycamore, and unfasted the anchor; the car was lowered to him, and he climbed into it without difficulty. A few minutes afterwards the Victoria was high in the air, driven along eastward under the impulsion of a moderate breeze.

## Air Asleep

At four o'clock in the evening, the Victoria met with a more rapid current; the ground was getting insensibly higher, and soon the barometrical column indicated a height of 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. The doctor was then obliged to keep his gas-pipe heated considerably so as to dilate gas enough to keep up the balloon.

At about seven o'clock the balloon was sailing over the basin of the Kanyeme; the doctor recognised the clearing, ten miles in extent, with its villages buried amongst the calabash trees and baobabs.

The wind fell as evening came on, and the atmosphere seemed to go to sleep. The doctor vainly sought a current at different heights; seeing how calm it was, he resolved to pass the night in the air, and for further safety raised the balloon about 1,000 feet. The Victoria remained stationary. The sky was brilliant with stars. Dick and Joe stretched themselves on their peaceful couch, and slept profoundly during the doctor's watch; at twelve o'clock the Scotchman took his place.

## QUIZ for today

1. Tau is a Greek letter, Siamese princess, German milkmaid, Tahiti nose-ring, Persian coin?
2. How many poets can you think of beginning with B?
3. Which of the following is the best insulator from heat? Wool, Cork, Air, Wood, Asbestos?
4. What was the name of William the Conqueror's wife?
5. In what sports are the terms (a) "selling a dummy," (b) "catching a crab," used?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Paragon, Paragon, Paragoge, Paragnosis, Parabasis.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 439

1. Jewish month.
2. Dickens, Defoe, Dumas, Doyle, Disraeli, Dostoevski, etc.
3. Silver.
4. The Minch.
5. (a) Tennis, (b) Fencing.
6. Parrocide.

When the doctor resumed his post he found that the wind had changed during the night. The Victoria had been drifting to the north-east for about thirty miles; it was passing over the Mabunguru, a rocky region covered with blocks of finely-polished syenite.

## In Two Days

About two o'clock, in magnificent weather, under a burning sun, which devoured the least breeze, the Victoria was sailing above the town of Kazeh, situated at 360 miles from the coast.

"We started from Zanzibar at nine o'clock in the morning," said the doctor, as he consulted his notes, "and in two days we have travelled nearly 500 geographical miles. Captains Burton and Speke took four months and a half to accomplish the same distance."

Kazeh is the general meeting-place for caravans; those from the south bring slaves and ivory; those from the west take cotton and glass-ware to the tribes of the Great Lakes. The markets there are noisy places; the half-caste porters shout above the din of drums and horns, mules and asses; women and children lift up their voices, and the zemadar—chief of the caravan—beats time to the pastoral symphony with his rattan.

Mixed in charming disorder were quantities of bright-coloured stuffs, coloured glass beads, ivory, rhinoceros and shark teeth, honey, tobacco, and cotton; marketing there is a strange affair, for each object has no intrinsic value; it is worth much or little, according to the desire it excites.

All at once the noise and confusion suddenly stopped. The Victoria had just appeared in the sky; it floated majestically, and was coming down in a vertical line.

**Men, women, children, slaves, merchants, Arabs, and negroes, all disappeared under the roofs of their huts.**

One of the anchors caught in the top of a tree near the market-place. All the population then emerged from their hiding-places. Several "Waganga," with their conical shell ornaments, came boldly up; they were the sorcerers of the place. In their belts they wore little black gourds covered with layers of grease and different conjuring articles, all dirty enough for their trade. Little by little the crowd of men, women, and children surrounded them; the drums were beaten furiously, and the natives clapped their hands as they raised them to the sky.

## Moon in Person

"It is their way of worshipping," said Dr. Fergusson; "unless I am much mistaken, we are called upon to play a great part."

"Well, master, let's play it."

"Perhaps even you will have to pose as a God, Joe."

## FIVE WEEKS

## IN A

## BALLOON

By Jules Verne

## Part VII

"I shan't be sorry for once, sir."

At that moment one of the sorcerers, a "Myanga," made a gesture, and all noise was extinguished in a profound silence. He addressed some words to the travellers, but in an unknown language. As Dr. Fergusson did not understand, he tried some Arabic words and was immediately answered in that language.

The orator then delivered a flowery harangue, and the doctor learnt that the Victoria was taken to be the moon in person, and the people imagined that the amiable goddess had deigned to approach the town with her three sons, an honour which would never be forgotten in that land beloved by the sun.

The doctor answered with great dignity that the Moon made a round of her provinces once in a thousand years, to show herself to her worshippers; he begged them to tell her what they had need of.

The sorcerer answered that the Sultan, the Mwani, who had been ill for many years, wanted the help of Heaven, and he invited the Sons of the Moon to go to him. The doctor told his companions about the invitation.

Then addressing the crowd—"The Moon has taken pity on the sovereign dear to the children of the Unyamwezi, and undertakes to cure him. Let him be prepared to receive us!"

## "I Go Alone"

The shouts, songs, and demonstrations were redoubled, and all the vast ant-like crowd of black heads began to move.

"Now, my friends," said Dr. Fergusson, "we must be prepared for anything; we may be obliged to start off at a moment's notice. Dick must remain in the car and keep up the heat, so as to maintain a sufficient ascensional force. The anchor is solidly fastened; there is nothing to fear. I am going to land, and Joe will come with me, only he will remain at the foot of the ladder."

"What, do you mean to go by yourself to the old black?" asked Kennedy.

"I shall go alone; these brave people believe that their great goddess, the Moon, has called upon them; I am protected by superstition; you have nothing to fear; each of you remain where I tell you."

The doctor took his travelling medicine chest, and went down the ladder, preceded by Joe, who took up his station at the foot in as grave and dignified a manner as befitted the occasion. He sat down with his legs crossed under him, Arab fashion, and a part of the crowd surrounded him in a respectful circle.

Dr. Fergusson, escorted by the religious pyrrhics, advanced slowly towards the royal hut, situated at some distance out of the town; it was about three p.m., and the sun shone brightly; it could not do less for the circumstance.

The doctor marched on with dignity, the "Waganga" surrounded him, and kept off the crowd. Fergusson was soon met by the Sultan's natural son, who, according to the custom of the country, was the sole heir to the paternal possessions to the exclusion of the legitimate offspring; he prostrated himself before the Son of the Moon, who raised him with a graceful gesture.

## Royal Reception

The procession wound along shady parks in the midst of luxurious tropical vegetation, and, three-quarters of an hour afterwards, reached the royal palace, a square edifice, called Ititenya, and situated on the side of a hill.

The doctor penetrated into the palace. There, in spite of the Sultan's illness, the uproar, already terrible, became greater as he arrived. He remarked, on the lintel of the door, hare tails and zebra manes hung there as a sort of talisman.

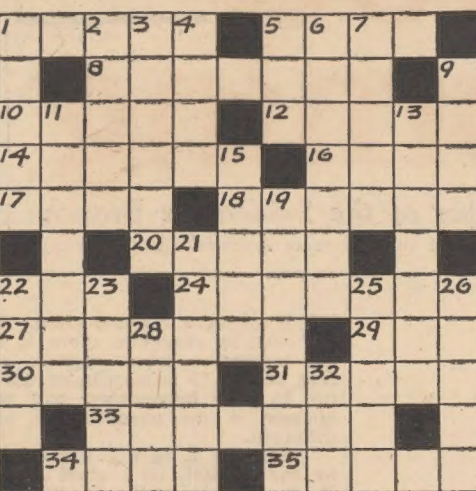
He was received by his majesty's wives in a body, to the harmonious sounds of the "upatu," a sort of cymbal made of a brass pot and the "kilindo," a drum five feet high, hollowed out of a tree trunk.

Most of the women appeared very pretty; they laughed as they smoked tobacco and thang in large black pipes; they seemed well-made under their long, gracefully-draped dresses, and wore kilts made of calabash fibres, fastened round their waists.

Six of them were grouped at a distance from the others, and they were not the least gay of the lot, though they were destined to a cruel end. On the death of the Sultan they were to be buried alive with him to amuse him in eternity.

The doctor took in the scene in a glance, and went up to the wooden bed in which lay the sovereign. He saw a man about forty, quite worn out with hard drinking and all kinds of excess, he also saw that there was nothing to be done for him. His illness, which had lasted several years, was nothing but constant intoxication. The royal drunkard had nearly become senseless, and all the ammonia in the world would not have revived him. The favourites and wives knelt and prostrated themselves during this solemn visit.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

1. Husks.
5. Fruit.
8. Abject.
10. Performer.
12. Sad Song.
14. Swung round.
16. Name.
17. Silt.
18. Good to eat.
20. Mature.
22. Wheel centre.
24. Clique.
27. Hermit.
29. Border.
30. Memento.
31. Crackling.
33. Jelly basis.
34. Malacca.
35. Reeking.

PAD SCOOP K  
AVOWAL VASE  
TIC MANACLE  
EDITOR LEAN  
N LAYER K  
THERE OASES  
E DROWN W  
WAGE ASLOPE  
EVIDENT ROD  
FERN GENTLE  
T LATER SON

### CLUES DOWN.

1. Go down hill.
2. Garden plant.
3. Rose.
4. Get on.
5. Accomplished.
6. Stupid.
7. Pulsate.
9. Wooded Valley.
11. Winding up.
13. Drains.
15. Store.
19. Discovers.
21. Cold spike.
22. Number of cattle.
23. Foreign currency.
25. Colloquial money.
26. Vacuum.
28. Look.
32. Edge.

## Corpse Reviver

By means of a few drops of strong cordial, the doctor revived the besotted corpse for a few minutes; the Sultan slightly moved, and for a corpse that had given no sign of existence for several hours, this symptom was welcomed with applause in honour of the doctor. By this time he had had enough of it, swept away his too demonstrative worshippers, and went out of the palace. He directed his steps towards the Victoria. It was then six p.m.

During his long absence Joe had been waiting at the foot of the ladder, worshipped by the crowd. For a Son of the Moon he was not at all proud, but let himself be worshipped quite familiarly. They presented him propitiatory offerings, those generally placed on the "mzimu," or fetish huts. They consisted of oat-ears and "pombe."

Joe felt obliged to taste the latter; but though his palate was accustomed to gin and whisky, it could not endure that; he made a frightful grimace, which his audience took for an amiable smile.

Then the young girls sang and danced in slow rhythm around him. Not to be outdone by them, he began a jig, danced with his hands, his feet, his knees, put himself into incredible positions, and made impossible grimaces, giving thus to the natives a strange idea of the way the gods dance in the Moon. The Africans are great imitators, and they set to and copied all Joe's contortions; they lost no gesture and forgot no attitude. Then began a scene, of which it is difficult to give any idea; in the midst of it appeared the doctor.

"There is not a minute to lose," said the doctor. "Don't try to unfasten the anchor. We must cut the cord! Follow me!"

## Another Moon

"What has happened?" asked Kennedy, rifle in hand.

"Look," said the doctor, pointing to the horizon.

"What!" asked the hunter.

"Why, the moon!"

But one of the sorcerers made a sign; he climbed into the tree with the intention of seizing the cord by the anchor, and pulling down the machine to the ground. Joe took his hatchet.

"Must I cut it?" he said.

"Wait a minute," answered the doctor.

"But the negro?"

"We may perhaps save our anchor, and I do not want to lose it."

The sorcerer reached the anchor and succeeded in freeing it; the balloon thus liberated pulled it up with a jerk; it caught the sorcerer between his legs and took him for a ride in the regions of the air. The astonishment of the crowd at seeing one of their Waganga in that position may be better imagined than described.

"Are we going to let the negro suddenly drop?" asked Joe.

"Certainly not!" replied the doctor. "We will place him quietly on the ground, and, after such an adventure, his reputation as a magician will be much increased."

"They will very likely make a god of him," said Joe.

The Victoria had reached a height of about 1,000 feet. The negro clung to the cord for bare life. His terror was mixed with astonishment. A light west wind pushed the balloon beyond the town. Half an hour later, the doctor, seeing the country clear of habitations, moderated the dilatation and approached the ground.

When they were twenty feet from it the negro let himself fall, tumbled on his legs, and began to run towards Kazeh as fast as they could carry him, whilst the Victoria, suddenly losing ballast, sprang up again.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—379

1. Put a vehicle in ADCE and go on.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Kile lal gins het nigs selt diribes.
3. Mix ATONES, add I, and get a country.
4. Find the two hidden public schools in: Put the rug by the table to-night, for Granny's feet.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 378

1. EXtenT.
2. Keep the home fires burning.
3. T-R-A-VAIL.
4. Te-a, P-or-t, Win-e.





## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



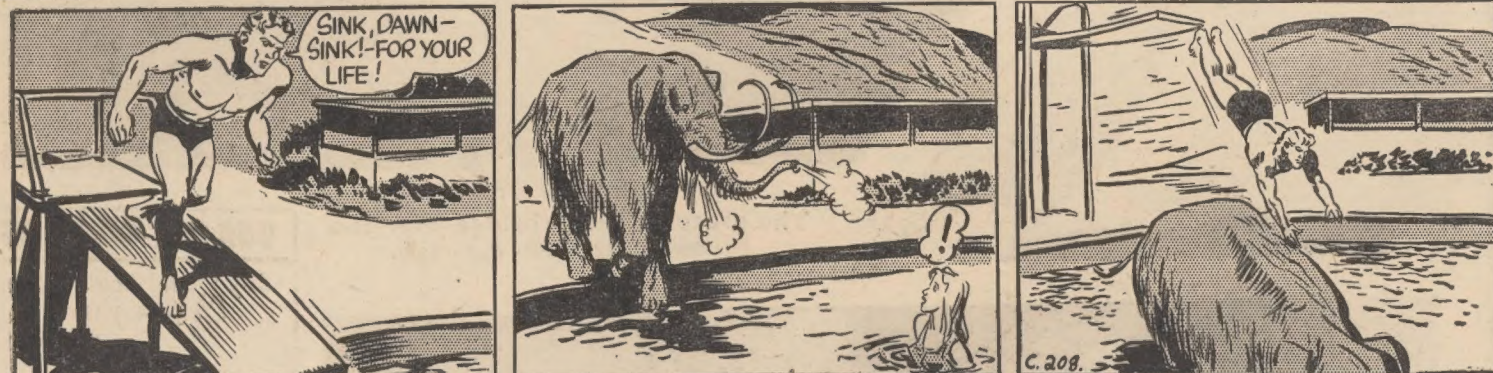
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



LONDON, that dreadful place at the end of all the railway lines, has been written about by Commissioner of Police Sir Philip Game in his report for last year.

The Yard, one interprets, feels inclined to toss in the towel. They have done practically everything possible to put the West End ghoulies out of business; bottle parties, nighteries of an undesirable nature and gambling joints have been raided regularly, but still the sheep supply for shearing gets greater.

What the attraction of such places can be to the patrons passes one's comprehension. One would have thought that in the fifth year of war some discretion would have been learned.

Police are clamping down on the more poisonous dives—the undesirable cafes, the unregistered clubs and the “near beer” haunts which employ men and women touts in large numbers and sell soft drinks at hard prices.

They shut ten bottle parties last year, under the Defence Regulations. And they put the lock on fifty so-called social clubs, “many of them no more than unhealthy drinking dens.”

“NEARLY £39,000 has been netted in fines and costs for club “irregularities” in London in the last four years. This damped some of the activity, but a Defence Regulation in 1942, yielding results in 1943, “undoubtedly deterred people with dubious antecedents from endeavouring to register clubs,” he says.

Sir Philip urges the need for more women police, and asks that they should not be confined to the West End.

“It is necessary to remember,” he says, “that an ill-treated or refractory girl in, say, Dagenham or Uxbridge, is important as a potential prostitute in Piccadilly, and that the outer districts will send a larger quota of seekers after excitement and “good-time girls” to Piccadilly if women police are not there to deal with them in their own locality.”

ON the bonny banks of Loch Lomond I heard the prelude to a new kind of music about the most sung-about sheet of water in the world.

On the shores I heard the whine of giant turbines from a hydro-electric generating station on the west side of the loch, almost opposite Ben Lomond.

The station is part of a plan to harness the waters of the Loch Sloy, which lies between Loch Lomond and Loch Long.

By the construction of a 150ft. high dam, Loch Sloy will become a large reservoir. A two-mile-long tunnel driven through Ben Vorlich will carry water down to the generating station on Loch Lomond side. The lochside road from Dumbarton to Crianlarich will be diverted.

“TONI from America” is the Allies’ newest secret weapon on the Italian front. “Toni” is Miss Virginia Robinson, a Broadway actress, who arrived in Italy recently to join U.S.O., the American equivalent of Ensa.

Her photograph is fired at the Germans by the thousand, and her enticing voice is sent to them by the less explosive means of radio, cables Edward Kennedy, Associated Press war reporter.

Miss Robinson speaks excellent German, but it has the trace of an American accent, which avoids any suggestion that she is a German girl turned traitor.

“Toni” broadcasts daily to the Germans. In her little speeches, sandwiched between music, she tells them a few facts, and casts doubt in their minds that Hitler is all that he is advertised to be.

Word came back that the German soldiers were listening eagerly to “Toni.” Allied Intelligence officers decided that the Germans might like to know what she looked like, so thousands of photographs were fired over the German lines in shells which explode in mid-air.

A PASSING thought... Do you like “Good Morning”? We would be glad to hear of any changes you would like to suggest.

Ron Richards



# Good Morning

Well, all we can say here is that this is the kind of V-sign we like. And who wouldn't like lovely Paramount starlet, Gail Russell?



No, you're not seeing things. When her kittens died, Tibby, the cat, "adopted" this roller canary.



FOR THE MEN OF KENT.  
The graceful Tudor bridge over the Medway, at East Farleigh.



"This is my sweet tooth, you say?  
It doesn't taste very sweet to me!"



C'mon, c'mon! There's pancakes for tea.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

'Say 'fish' brother, and I'll join you.'

